

Drasna 8th level female human savage (warrior)

Str	19	+3 hit, +7 damage, Open Doors 16(7), BB/LG 50%
Dex	18	+2 reaction/missile adj, -4 AC adj
Con	19	+5 hp/die, System shock 99%, Resurrection 100%
Int	14	3 Additional languages
Wis	9	
Chr	13	+1 reaction adjustment

Age: 22	AC 6
Height: 6' 0"	AC (rear) 10
Weight: 145 lbs	Move 30
Hair/Eyes: Brown/Green	#Att 3/2 (2 w/short sword)
	THAC0 13 (unadjusted)

Appearance: I am not as attractive as my clutchmates. After all, they are mostly bugs, but I'm stuck as a human. I am proud of what I am, but I can't help wishing I had been born with an exoskeleton instead of this skin that now looks like toughened leather.

Alignment: Neutral Good Hit Points: 104

Saving Throws (unmodified)	Water Required: 1 gallon/day
Poison/Paralyze 10	(1/2 if in shade)
Rod/Staff/Wand 12	
Polymorph/Petrify 11	Wild Psionic Talent
Breath 12	Lend Health, Cost 5, Maint NA
Spell 13	Power Score: 9
+1 save vs. poison(con)	Psionic Strength Points: 48

This allows me to lend some of my health to my

clutchmates.

Weapon Proficiencies
basis.

I may lend as much health as I wish, on a 1 for 1

Short Sword (specialized)
Dagger (thrown)
Two weapon style
Short Bow
Dagger (melee-choice weapon)
costs 5
Battle Axe
Yorkcha (spiked boomerang)

Most of the members of my pack don't get better all by themselves, like I do. With this power, I can fix them up, and then heal overnight like I always do. If a 20 is rolled, I use 5 PSPs, and do no healing. If a 9 is rolled, I heal two points for every one I lose. Otherwise it

points and heals on a one for one basis.

Savage Warrior Kit Bonuses.

When I sleep I have an automatic sense of what's going on around me. It is equal to a mage's Alarm spell. This was necessary, growing up in a pack where no one but me sleeps. If I wear any armor, I receive a -3 to hit.

Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Blind-Fighting, Survival-Rocky Barrens, Sandy Wastes, Salt Flats (14), Armor Optimization (16), Speak Thri-Kreen, Very Crude Common, Water Find (14), Endurance (19),
Weather Sense (9), Direction Sense (9), Artistic Ability-Whistling (13)
Magic Items Carried: +2 metal short sword (Detect Evil-3/day), Wooden Ring of Regeneration

Note: Drasna's years of running with the pack have benefited both her constitution and her speed. She can run at a rate of 30 for up to eight hours, then must make an endurance check each hour afterward, at a cumulative -1 to her constitution for each hour over eight.

Normal Items Carried: waterskin (2 gallon cap., it's full), some shiny rocks, some shiny round bits, some not so shiny round bits (2 5sp gems, 13 silver, 15 ceramic), 5 days worth of mekillot jerky

(pretty bland and tasteless), 3 bone daggers, 6 kyorkchas, wolfskin cloak, clothes made of an unidentified animal skin (it was big and nasty), three of your favorite small paintings, all done by Ka'cha (one is a portrait of you).

Modified THAC0 Adjustments:

Weapon	THAC0		#Att	Damage
+2 metal short sword	8		2/1	1d6+11/1d8+11
Kyorkcha	12	2		1d8+2
Bone dagger (thrown)	12		2/1	1d4-1/1d3-1
Bone dagger (melee)	10	3/2		1d4+8/1d3+8
Bone dagger (used in left hand)	13	1		1d4+1/1d3+1

Klik has taught me how to use the kyorkchas to stun an opponent. I have a -1 to hit when throwing it this way, and a 3% chance per point of damage to stun an opponent for 1d10 rounds. If I miss, the kyorkcha still returns to me.

Pack Dominance: Lakta-cho, Hakka, myself, Ka'tho, Tik-Tik-Tik, Qhari-cho

ROLE PLAYING NOTES:

Drasna of the Chtik-tek. My name means 'She who dies each night'.

Kiltektet (seeker): It is my task to learn what I can of the world beyond my home and to bring this knowledge back to my people. My ka-goal is to wander far, learn from others, and study the ways of other races wherever I go.

For the Kiltektet kit, I receive a weapon of choice, with which I attack with a +1 to hit and add a +2 to damage. I chose a dagger, as it is easily made from the bones of a kill. I gain a free weapon proficiency (kyorkcha), and a free nonweapon proficiency (endurance). Material wealth is nothing to me, and I wear no armor.

Home: I am from the Yellow Hills, a region of badlands and scrub about 200 miles west of Urd. At least that is the last area I remember, my pack found me wandering in the desert when I was but a larva.

Pack and home-clutch: Orphaned at an early age, I was taken in by the Chtik-tek. Our pack was fortunate to have been visited by a Mantis Noble, a Tohr-kreen. Klik-chaka'da became a teacher to my pack, and created the Kiltektet sect of people who search for knowledge. A small clutch of us were raised by Klik (as he preferred to be called), and we learned the ways of the Tohr-Kreen as well as the ways of the Thri-Kreen.

This means that I learned more of intellectual pursuits than a normal member of a savage tribe. We have no interest in eating elves or other intelligent species. Though we hunt, it is not an obsession with us. From Klik, I developed a fascination with art and well-crafted items. He also taught all the Kiltektet to oppose those known as defilers, and to avoid those known as templars. We also were encouraged to learn different languages, and to learn how to read and write. I don't see any need for this reading stuff, so I have never actually learned how, and I don't intend to.

Klik tried to explain money to us. Failing, he just told us to ignore it, so we do. Since some members of the Kiltektet clutch are not Thri-Kreen, Klik taught us to use the kyorkcha, a Tohr-Kreen weapon. We are all proficient with it, it is the weapon of the Kiltektet.

THE TRAGEDY: It was awful. We were fighting a huge beast, it had about a hundred legs, and was real long. Tik-Tik-Tik had bashed it good with his club, and Lakta-cho was up on its back, cutting and slicing. Then it grabbed Ka'tho, and was about to bite her head off. Ka'cha, our pack leader, clicked his mandibles in that heroic fashion he had, and leaped for the beast's mouth. He drove his spear through its brain, and killed the beast, saving Ka'tho for sure, and maybe all of us. He was triumphant, but the beast, in its death throes, lashed out and drove him into a boulder, snapping his neck. Before any of us could move, Ka'cha was dead. It is not right that the dominant member of the pack should have to give his life for the rest of us, but it is very like Ka'cha.

THE MISSION: As we stood by the body of Ka'cha, someone said "It's not right. He shouldn't die like this." We all silently agreed. Then Lakta-cho, the new dominant member of the pack said "Klik wouldn't have let this happen. He'd know what to do. I'll bet he could even bring Ka'cha back." We all agreed, for all of us had seen Klik work priestly miracles. Then and there, we decided to journey north to see Klik, for he could do something about this tragedy. When we left him to go out on our own, Klik said that if we ever needed him, we should look for Durwadala, a thri-kreen druid, who guarded the Lost Oasis, far to the north. It may prove to be a difficult journey, for Lakta-cho says that we must get Ka'cha's body to Klik in less than two weeks, or even Klik can't bring him back. The trip is going to be grueling. It's the least we could do for our pack leader, and do it we will. No giant centipede is going to deprive us of the wisdom and leadership of Ka'cha, the best pack leader ever.

ROLE PLAYING NOTES:

Full of drive and desire to succeed on the mission. Eager to prove herself a true pack member, and not let the disadvantages of her humanity hold back the pack. Optimistic and quick to see the bright side of any problem.

I am Drasna, of the Kiltektet, I have known no other home. Even though I am only a human, my clutch means more to me than any family I could have had elsewhere. There is nothing like the bond of the pack, and the freedom of running across the sands with the pack is the most exhilarating thing in the world. I am pleased with the world as it is, my pack is complete.

Well, my pack was complete, until the tragedy, and it will be again. Ka'cha will run alongside me once again, when we find Klik. No one enjoyed running like Ka'cha, our races were a source of delight to me for several years, even though he almost always won. He also taught me of the rules of the challenge. Two beings fight to the death, the winner decides the issue for the both packs. I have yet to fight a challenge, most thri-kreen prefer to fight against other thri-kreen only, and then there's the rule about only using natural weapons.

I fear nothing so much as getting old, for Klik has told me that I will probably outlive all of my pack. This is not an end I seek. I want to go out fighting for my pack. Better a short life fully lived, than a long life of boredom and cowardice. And I have been enjoying life to the fullest, at least until recently. I was beside myself with grief, until Lakta-cho suggested this plan. I could run for hours - even days - if it means restoring Ka'cha.

Even though I don't exactly know what it's for, I still carry some of the shiny bits that Klik called money. He said it was useful for getting rid of templars. Perhaps they are sensitive to the shiny round objects, like some undead are to silver weapons.

My clutchmates:

Lakta-cho: a powerful priestess of air, Lakta-cho is the current dominant member of the pack. She can also handle herself in a fight, for Klik took personal interest in her and Ka'cha. She is no match for my strength, but I must bow to her wisdom. If she thinks this quest can succeed, then I know it can.

Hakka: A druid of the north salt flats, Hakka gives our pack much needed healing powers, although she was not able to do anything for Ka'cha. She is a bit too balanced for my tastes, there are not usually two sides to a question, although she always wants to debate about it. Debate won't bring Ka'cha back, only action!

Ka'tho: A master of the Way, Ka'tho is almost as good with her mind as Ka'cha was. She was destined to be his mate and is torn up about Ka'cha's death. I will encourage her, for hope is not lost. Ka'cha will run again.

Qhari-cho: The newest member of the pack, Qhari's exoskeleton is a different color than most thri-kreens. You all welcomed him into the pack, for as Klik said, 'different experience means new knowledge, and knowledge is power.' He has been a loyal friend and a fierce fighter, although he is quick to attack. Klik's training has helped some, but he still must be watched in combat situations.

[Qh is pronounced by humans as a click of the tongue off the roof of the mouth.]

7th level female half-giant ranger

Age: 23	AC 9
Height: 10' 4"	AC (rear) 10
Weight: 1503 lbs	Move 36
Hair/Eyes: Black/Blue	#Att 3/2 or 5/2
Appearance: I am a big person with a friendly face. I try to keep my face inscrutable, like	THAC0 14
Klik's. I wear only a loincloth and a belt. Real	Hit Points: 161
Thri-kreen don't need clothes.	

Saving Throws (unmodified)		Racial Abilities:	
Poison/Paralyze	10	Infravision 60'	
Rod/Staff/Wand	12		
Polymorph/Petrify	11	Ranger Abilities:	
Breath	12	Use two weapons with no penalty	
Spell	13	+4 to hit megapedes.	
+1 save vs. poison(con)		Move at 36 for 12 hours/day	
		Influence animals; -2 to save.	

a 13 is rolled, I can maintain the power for a whole day for 1 PSP per two hours.

Magic Items Carried: +2 wooden longsword, +1 bone longsword, Ring of Thri-kreen Friendship (Increases charisma to 16, to Thri-kreen and Tohr-kreen only. Also, I only need to sleep for 1 hour per day, every day. I also get a +4 bonus to my saves vs. thri-kreen poison)

Normal Supplies Carried: loincloth (Klik wears very few clothes, so do I.), waterskin (8 gallon capacity, it's full), 3 weeks dried rations (a haunch of dried erdlu), four gems worth 15 sp ea, 2 gold, 23 silver, (I try to fit in, so I always call them pretty rocks and shiny bits), two-handed club, big sack, fancy leather belt with scrab-claw belt buckle, 4 kyorkchas, two small books of poems, painting by Ka'cha (Drasna running), and one by Klik (our whole clutch).

Modified THAC0 Adjustments:

Weapon	THAC0		#Att	Damage
Two-handed wooden club	10	3/2	3d6+9	
wooden longsword +2	14		1	1d8+2/1d12+2
bone longsword +1	9	3/2	1d8+11/1d12+11	
kyorkcha	14	2	1d8+2	

I can use both of my longswords at the same time, it's the way of a ranger. The attacks listed assume that I am using the bone longsword in my right hand and the wooden one in my left hand. If I change them around, the attacks per round and damage bonus also switch. (Strength bonus for damage may only be used with one weapon per round. Against really dangerous opponents, I like to strike hard with my right hand weapon, and parry with the other.)

Klik has taught me how to use the kyorkchas to stun an opponent. I have a -1 to hit when throwing it this way, and a 3% chance per point of damage to stun an opponent for 1d10 rounds. If I miss, the kyorkcha returns to me.

Pack Dominance: Lakta-cho, Hakka, Drasna, Ka'tho, myself, Qhari-cho

ROLE PLAYING NOTES:

Tik-Tik-Tik of the Chtik-tek

My name means 'she who hunts those who hunt hunters.' At least that's what Ka'cha told me.

KILTEKTET (seeker): it is my task to learn what I can of the world beyond my home and to bring this knowledge back to my people. My ka-goal is to wander far, learn from others, and help the land wherever I go.

For the Kilektet kit, I receive a weapon of choice, with which I attack with a +1 to hit and a +2 to damage. I gain a free weapon proficiency (kyorkcha), and a free nonweapon proficiency (endurance). Material wealth is nothing to me, and I wear no armor.

Home: I am originally from the city of Urd, a vile place. My home is now with the Chtik-tek.

Pack and home-clutch. My pack was fortunate to have been visited by a Mantis Noble, a Tohr-kreen. Klik-chaka'da became a teacher to my pack, and created the Kilektet sect of people who search for knowledge. A small clutch of us were raised by Klik (as he preferred to be called), and we learned the ways of the Tohr-Kreen as well as the ways of the Thri-Kreen.

This means that I learned more of intellectual pursuits than a normal thri-kreen. I have no interest in eating elves or other intelligent species. Though we hunt, it is not an obsession with us. From Klik, I developed a fascination with art and well-crafted items. He also taught all the Kilektet to oppose those known as defilers, and to avoid those known as templars. We also were encouraged to learn different languages, and to learn how to read and write.

Klik tried to explain money to us. I understood it, but most of my packmates don't. I don't embarrass them by flaunting my knowledge, it wouldn't be polite. Since some members of the Kilektet clutch are not Thri-Kreen, Klik taught us to use the kyorkcha, a Tohr-Kreen weapon. We are all proficient with it, it is the weapon of the Kilektet.

THE TRAGEDY: It was awful. We were fighting a huge beast, a giant centipede over 50' long. I had bashed it good with my club, and Lakta-cho was up on its back, cutting and slicing. Then it grabbed Ka'tho, and was about to bite her head off. Ka'cha, our pack leader, clicked his mandibles in that heroic fashion he had, and leaped for the beast's mouth. He drove his spear through its brain, and killed the beast, saving Ka'tho for sure, and maybe all of us. He was triumphant, but

the beast, in its death throes, lashed out and drove him into a boulder, snapping his neck. Before any of us could move, Ka'cha was dead. It is not right that the dominant member of the pack should have to give his life for the rest of us, but it is very like Ka'cha.

THE MISSION: As we stood by the body of Ka'cha, someone said "It's not right. He shouldn't die like this." We all silently agreed. Then Lakta-cho, the new dominant member of the pack said "Klik wouldn't have let this happen. He'd know what to do. I'll bet he could even bring Ka'cha back." We all agreed, for all of us had seen Klik work great priestly miracles. Then and there, we decided to journey north to see Klik, for he could do something about this tragedy. When we left him to go out on our own, Klik said that if we ever needed him, we should look for Durwadala, a thri-kreen druid, who guards the Lost Oasis far to the north. It may prove to be a difficult journey, for Lakta-cho says that we must get Ka'cha's body to Klik in less than two weeks, or even Klik can't bring him back. Finding a druid is also easier said than done. It's the least we can do for our pack leader, and do it we will. No giant centipede is going to deprive us of the wisdom and leadership of Ka'cha, the best pack leader ever.

ROLE PLAYING:

Grieving for the loss of her best friend. Thinks of herself as a Thri-kreen, and emulates them, and her mentor Klik, in every possible way. Very sensible, actually the most worldly of the party, but she tries to hide it. Loves all of the aspects of thri-kreen life, the freedom, the racing through the sands, but Tik is also the most learned of the pack.

I am Tik-Tik-Tik of the Kiltectet. My pack leader and clutchmate is dead, and it will not stay so. Klik can fix this tragedy, I just know he can. Besides, the new clutch leader has decided that this is our mission, and a good thri-kreen always follows the dominant pack member.

I am actually not a thri-kreen, but I often forget that. I can't help it that I was born a half-giant. As Klik told me once, 'Life shapes the spirit, if we so choose. If you have the spirit of a true mantis warrior, outward form matters little'. Klik was always saying stuff like that, and you usually understood him. He was saying that you were a thri-kreen and a clutchmate, no matter what you looked like. It gave me a great feeling; I would cheerfully die to save my clutch.

Someone once told me that half-giants don't usually make good rangers. I replied that it's a good thing that I was a thri-kreen. I never learned to move quietly, and shadows aren't usually big enough to hide me, but Klik helped me develop in other areas. I can run with the best of the pack, and that's saying something. I chose as my special enemy the megapede, for they are common in the area my pack roams. More than one young larvae has been carried off by the filthy beasts, and more than one of the filthy beasts has met my swords.

Before I joined the pack, I was a slave in Urd, Klik aided my escape. Without him I would have died, but he brought me to the Chtik-tek, and made me a member of his clutch. I try to be like Klik as much as I can, I could strive for no higher goal.

I understand the value of a gold piece, in fact I once sold for three gold pieces. The rest of my pack does not understand, so I have done my best to forget about it as well. I still carry a few coins, they are useful for bribing templars. Actually, I'd rather bash them with my club, it makes them much more agreeable. Klik told me that violence is the last refuge of the incompetent, one should fight only to defend oneself, or in the cause of good. I argued that bashing templars is an inherently good act, but he convinced me that bashing anyone who has not harmed or threatened me or the land is not a good act, so I don't. Even Klik agreed that bashing defilers is an inherently good act, so we didn't have any problem about that.

I am ashamed of my weaknesses, and do my best to hide them. I must drink an inordinate amount of water, although Ka'cha helped me develop my mind, now I am able to resist some of the effects of the heat. I also must sleep for one hour a day, my most public shame.

My clutchmates:

Lakta-cho: The new dominant member of the pack, Lakta is a wise being. She will lead the clutch ably until Ka'cha returns. She is a powerful priestess, and an able fighter. With her in command, the mission will succeed.

Hakka: The druid of the north salt flats, Hakka is a skilled healer and spellcaster. He seems in doubt about this mission, but even though he is above you in the dominance order, nothing will cause this mission to fail.

Drasna: This human female is a good friend, but she doesn't try to emulate the thri-kreen. She is a good clutchmate, and a fierce fighter, but she should try to be more like the rest of the pack. Imagine, she wears clothes!

Ka'tho: Ka'cha's future mate, and a very lucky insect. You know that you and Ka'cha could never mate, but one can dream. Ka'tho is deserving of someone like Ka'cha, she is a fine bug, with a good grasp of the way of the mind. She is also grieving for Ka'cha, you'll try and help her hold up, although you find yourself crying for Ka'cha as well.

Qhari-cho. This purple bug came from another tribe that had been wiped out. He has brought many new insights from his former pack, although he is a trifle bloodthirsty. He is also skeptical about this mission, but he's never seen any of Klik's truly awesome priestly miracles. [Qh is pronounced by humans as a click of the tongue off the roof of the mouth.]

Lakta-cho Female Thri-Kreen 5th level Ranger/5th level priest of air.

Str	17	+1 hit, +1 damage, Open Doors 10, BS/LG 13%
Dex	19	+3 reaction/missile adj, -4 AC adj
Con	10	System shock 65%, Resurrection 70%
Int	9	2 Additional languages
Wis	17	+1 magical attack adjustment
Chr	12	

Age: 14 (old)	AC 1
Height: 6' 4" (9' 1" long)	AC (rear) 5
Weight: 452 lbs.	Move 36
Exoskeleton/Eyes: sandy-yellow/jet black	#Att 5 or 2
	THAC0 16 (unmodified)
Alignment: Chaotic Good	Hit Points: 37

Appearance: I am a lustrous golden in color, and dust does not seem to stick to my exoskeleton. I am always a shiny gold, with my jet black eyes providing a stark contrast. That stare is my favorite weapon, allowing me to freeze my prey in place for that extra second I need to leap upon them. I have a rather worn leather harness, with my backpack, art collection, and weapons on it. I try and keep it clean too, but it isn't easy.

Saving Throws(unmodified)

Poison/Paralyze	9
Rod/Staff/Wand	13
Polymorph/Petrify	12
Breath	13
Spell	14
+1 wisdom adjustment	

Water Required: 1 gallon/week
(1/2 if in shade)
Rest Required: Why would I want to needlessly lie around? I do not sleep!

Weapon Proficiencies:
Kyorkcha (throwing wedge)
Spear (choice weapon)
Short Sword

Thri-Kreen Abilities:

Claw 4 times/round for 1d4, and bite for 1d4+1.
Bite causes Paralysis, save to avoid, Paralysis lasts 2d10 rounds for small, 2d8 for man-sized, 1d8 for large, and 1 round for huge.
Leap 20' straight up or 50' forward.
Dodge missiles on 9/20 chance.
Use Chatkcha, range 90', if it misses, it always returns to me.

Ranger Abilities:

Use two weapons with no penalty.
+4 to hit vs. defilers.
Move Silently 58%
Hide in Shadows 46%

Long Bow
Dagger(thrown and melee)

Non-Weapon Proficiencies
Water Find (9)

Tracking (17)
Survival-Rocky Barrens (9)
Hunting (17)

Bowyer/Fletcher (6)
Speak Common, Thri-Kreen, Tohr-Kreen
Read/Write Common (9)
Endurance (10)
Artistic Ability-writing (9)

Wild Psionic Talent

Psionic Strength Points: 41

Mind Bar Cost 5, Maint 4/r

Power Score: 5

This power can protect me from magic. It makes me 75% magic resistant to charm, confusion, ESP, fear, magic jar, sleep, suggestion and feeblemind.

It makes me immune to all forms of possession, and

all telepathic attacks, except for an actual psionic attack mode. If I roll a five exactly, I receive a +5 to

my Power Score when defending against psionic

attacks. If I roll a 20, I have a -4 to my saves against any of the spells/effects listed above.

Priest of Air Restriction: May only use weapons that fly through the air, like spears and chatkcha.

Magic Items Carried: Longbow +1, +2 spear (damage 1d6+3/1d8+3), Grapes of Invisibility (2), +1 bone dagger (damage 1d4/1d3), Cleric scroll with Cure Serious Wounds, Speak with dead, Bless, Merciful Shadows, Cure Disease.

Normal Items Carried: Leather belt, 2 bone skinning knives, long bow and quiver with 20 bone-tipped sheaf arrows (tipped with the claws of the megapede that slew Ka'cha, +1 to damage), 4 not-so shiny bits (ceramic pieces), 6 shiny bits (silver pieces), 10 kyorkchas, belt pouch, 2 pretty orange rocks on wristbands on my upper wrists (5 sp ea), water bottle; 2 quart capacity, it's full, 2 paintings by Klik (a sunrise, and the sea of silt at night), quill and ink, 5 scrolls with the tale I am working on "The teachings of Klik'chaka'da".

Modified THAC0s and Damage

Weapon	THAC0	#Att	Damage
+1 bone dagger(melee)	16	1	1d4/1d3
+1 bone dagger(thrown)	12	1	1d4/1d3
+2 spear (melee)	12	1	1d6+5/1d8+5
+2 spear (thrown)	11	1	1d6+2/1d8+2
+1 longbow	13	2	1d8+2
kyorkcha	12	2	1d8+2
chatkcha	12	2	1d6+2
claw	16	4	1d4
bite	16	1	1d4+1+paralysis

SPECIAL NOTE: I may not use a weapon, and still use my off claws. I can either use claws and bite, or use two weapons and a bite. I can NOT mix the two fighting styles, they are entirely different. I have gotten pretty good with the spear/dagger combination.

Note: A kyorkcha is a special tohr-kreen weapon that K'lik taught me to use. It resembles a spiked boomerang, with one blunt side. It can be thrown to stun opponents. Such a throw is at -1 to hit, and has a 3% chance per point of damage to stun an opponent for 1d10 rounds. If I miss, it returns to me.

Pack Dominance: Myself, Hakka, Drasna, Ka'tho, Tik-Tik-Tik, Qhari-cho
(Of course, when he was alive, Ka'cha was the dominant member of the pack.)

Undead Turning:

Skeleton	T	Wraith	16	
Zombie	T	Mummy	19	
Ghoul	4	Spectre	20	
Shadow	7	Vampire	-	
Wight	10	Ghost	-	

Ghast 13 Lich -
(2d6 are turned)

Spell List

5th Level Priest of Air

1ST LEVEL

Memorize 5
Animal Friendship
Bless
Combine
Command
Cure Light Wounds
Detect Evil
Detect Magic
Detect Poison
Detect Snares & Pits
Entangle
Invisibility to Animals
Invisibility to Undead
Light
Locate Animals/Plants
Merciful Shadows*
Pass without Trace
Remove Fear
Sanctuary
Shillelagh

2ND LEVEL

Memorize 4
Aid
Augury
Barkskin
Chant
Charm Person/Mammal
Detect Charm
Dust Devil
Enthrall
Find Traps
Goodberry
Hold Person
Know Alignment
Messenger
Obscurement
Silence 15' Radius
Slow Poison
Snake Charm
Spiritual Hammer
Trip
Warp Wood
Withdraw
Wyvern Watch

3RD LEVEL

Memorize 2
Animate Dead
Continual Light
Cure Blindness/Deafness
Cure Disease
Dispel Magic
Feign Death
Glyph of Warding
Hold Animal
Locate Object
Magical Vestment
Negative Plane Protection
Plant Growth
Prayer
Remove Curse
Remove Paralysis
Snare
Speak with Dead
Spike Growth
Starshine
Summon Insects
Tree

NEW SPELL:

Merciful Shadows

Sphere: Cosmos Range: Touch
Components: V,S,M Duration: 1 day/5 levels
Casting Time: 1 round Area of Effect: Person Touched
Saving Throw: Negates

This spell creates a magical shade to protect a person from the scorching sun. Once cast, the individual gains the benefits of being in the shade (half water consumption), even while fighting or travelling in the full sun. The individual so protected appears normal, except that he doesn't sweat as much as expected, and his coloration is a bit more gray.

The reverse of the spell, blistering rays, intensifies the light and heat of the sun on the victim. The individual must have twice the water per day for the duration of the spell. This spell has no

effect on a person who is in the shade. The material components are a piece of a palm leaf (or a piece of black fabric for the reverse).

Role Playing Notes:

Lakta-cho of the Chtik-tek. My name means 'Finder of the lost knowledge'.

Kiltektet (seeker): it is my task to learn what I can of the world beyond my home and to bring this knowledge back to my people. My ka-goal is to wander far, learn from others, and seek old knowledge wherever I go.

For the Kiltektet kit, I receive a weapon of choice, with which I attack with a +1 to hit and a +2 to damage. I gain a free weapon proficiency (kyorkcha), and a free nonweapon proficiency (endurance). Material wealth is nothing to me, and I wear no armor.

Home: I am from the Yellow Hills, a region of badlands and scrub about 200 miles west of Urd.

Pack and home-clutch. My pack was fortunate to have been visited by a Mantis Noble, a Tohr-kreen. Klik-chaka'da became a teacher to my pack, and created the Kiltektet sect of people who search for knowledge. A small clutch of us were raised by Klik (as he preferred to be called), and we learned the ways of the Tohr-Kreen as well as the ways of the Thri-Kreen.

This means that I learned more of intellectual pursuits than most Thri-Kreen. We have no interest in eating elves or other intelligent species. Though we hunt, it is not an obsession with us. From Klik, I developed a fascination with art and well-crafted items. He also taught all the Kiltektet to oppose those known as defilers, and to avoid those known as templars. We also were encouraged to learn different languages, and to learn how to read and write.

Klik tried to explain money to us. Failing, he told us to just ignore it, so we do. Since some members of the Kiltektet clutch are not Thri-Kreen, Klik taught us to use the kyorkcha, a Tohr-Kreen weapon. We are all proficient with it, it is the weapon of the Kiltektet.

THE TRAGEDY: It was awful. We were fighting a huge beast, it had about a hundred legs, and was real long. Tik-Tik-Tik had bashed it good with his club, and I was up on its back, cutting and slicing. Then it grabbed Ka'tho, and was about to bite her head off. Ka'cha, our pack leader, clicked his mandibles in that heroic fashion he had, and leaped for the beast's mouth. He drove his spear through its brain, and killed the beast, saving Ka'tho for sure, and maybe all of us. He was triumphant, but the beast, in its death throes, lashed out and drove him into a boulder, snapping his neck. Before any of us could move, Ka'cha was dead. It is not right that the dominant member of the pack should have to give his life for the rest of us, but it is very like Ka'cha.

THE MISSION: As we stood by the body of Ka'cha, someone said "It's not right. He shouldn't die like this." We all silently agreed. As the new pack leader it was my place to speak, so I said "Klik wouldn't have let this happen. He'd know what to do. I'll bet he could even bring Ka'cha back." Everyone agreed, for all of us had seen Klik work great priestly miracles. Then and there, we decided to journey north to see Klik, for he could do something about this tragedy. When we left him to go out on our own, Klik said that if we ever needed him, we should look for Durwadala, a thri-kreen druid, who guards the Lost Oasis, far to the north. It may prove to be a difficult journey, for Klik has taught me of this type of magic. We must get Ka'cha's body to Klik in less than two weeks, or even Klik can't bring him back. The trip is going to be grueling. It's the least we can do for our pack leader, and do it we will. No giant centipede is going to deprive us of the wisdom and leadership of Ka'cha, the best pack leader ever.

ROLE PLAYING:

Indecisive, but wise. Able to make the correct decisions, but lacks the confidence to carry them out. At her best when negotiating or spellcasting, at her worst in high stress situations. VERY protective of her clutch-almost a mother hen.

I miss Ka'cha terribly, but I am the dominant pack member now. My responsibility is to the pack, at least until Ka'cha is restored. I am not used to making decisions, and I fear that I'll lead the pack into worse trouble. I will draw upon the rest of the pack for advice, especially Hakka and Tik-Tik-Tik. As a leader, I must complete our mission successfully, while keeping everyone in the clutch alive. The responsibility is awesome, how did Ka'cha bear up. Any of my clutch mates could live or die by my decisions. This is frightening. I have never been this nervous. Give me the clean feel of the air, or someone to talk to, and I'm fine. But these decisions. Who should go on watch, who should take the point, who should march in the rear, all of these decisions could mean life or death on Athas.

Of all times to lose my will! When Ka'cha was around, I was a pivotal player in all of the decisions, my wit was sharp, my advice succinct. I must learn to command, or the pack faces disaster. Athas does not forgive mistakes.

When the action starts, I can still handle myself. Our pack elders tried to talk us out of this trip, but I had no trouble standing up for my clutch. In the end they bowed to my words, for no Thri-Kreen underestimates the bonds of a clutch. Our clutch will be whole again, or at least Ka'cha will lead. I must remember what Klik taught me, if I am to lead the pack to find him. He had much advice for me, at the time I was fascinated learning how to use a kyorkcha, and learning reading and writing, and other such wonders. I wish I had paid more attention to his advice on how to lead a clutch. One thing I do remember, these funny shiny bits, and not-so-shiny bits, make templars go away if you give them some. They aren't worth anything, you can't eat them, but the templars seem to use them for something. It seems strange to give something to beings I don't like, but if they leave, it's probably okay. These bits have something to do with trading with other races, as well. If I need something, instead of just taking it, I must give the trader some of them, and then I can take what I want. It's very strange, but I'll do whatever I have to do for my pack.

My clutch:

Hakka: Hakka is now second in the dominance order in the clutch. She seems skeptical about this mission, maybe it really is a fool's errand. But any chance at getting Ka'cha back must be taken, and visiting Klik cannot be a foolish action by any definition. Or can it?

Drasna: Drasna is our smallest clutchmate, she had the misfortune to be born a human. But she can run with the best of them, and is an awesome foe in combat. She is rough, you're fairly sure Klik was not able to teach her to read. You never looked down on her because she was a human, she is a part of the clutch, and that's all that matters.

Ka'tho: Ka'cha's future mate, as likely looking a young female as I've seen in a few years. She is grieving for Ka'cha, although she knows that there is still hope. I do not have the heart to tell her exactly how little hope there is. What chances now for a new clutch of larvae, raised in the Kilektet way?

Tik-Tik-Tik: Tik is the half-giant member of your clutch. She is big and friendly, and fairly bright. You'll lean on her quite a bit during this trip. She does seem to think she's a Thri-Kreen, and you find nothing wrong with that. Why shouldn't someone strive to improve themselves?

Qhari-cho: Qhari is a fine warrior, and the newest member of the clutch. He joined the clutch only a year ago, but has proven his loyalty time and time again. He offers a different, if more violent, perspective on things, and his advice will be important on this trip.

[Qh is pronounced by humans as a click of the tongue off the roof of the mouth.]

Ka'tho Female 5th level Thri-kreen warrior/4th level psionician

Str 11 Open Doors 5, BS/LG 03%
Dex 15 -1 AC adj
Con 16 +2 hp/die, System shock 92%, Resurrection 96%
Int 14 4 Additional languages
Wis 19 +4 magical attack adjustment
Chr 9

Age 7 (young adult) AC 4
Height 5' 11" (8' 3" long) AC(rear) 5
Weight 357 lbs. Move 36
Exoskeleton/Eyes sandy-yellow/deep purple #Att 5 or 1
THAC0 16 (unmodified)
Alignment: Neutral Good Hit Points: 39

Appearance: I am a serviceable yellow, a color that blends well with the sand. My eyes are deep, deep purple. I wear a nice leather harness with my weapons and backpack tied on to it. My kyorkchas and chatkchas are in a pouch at my side, I need to be able to get at them quickly.

Saving Throws(unmodified)

Poison/Paralyze 10
Rod/Staff/Wand 12
Polymorph/Petrify 10
Breath 12
Spell 13
+4 wisdom adjustment

Thri-Kreen Abilities:

Claw 4 times/round for 1d4, and
bite for 1d4+1.
Bite causes Paralysis,
save to avoid, Paralysis lasts 2d10
rounds for small, 2d8 for man-sized,
1d8 for large, and 1 round for huge.
Leap 20' straight up or 50' forward.
Dodge missiles on 9/20 chance.
Use Chatkcha, range 90', if it
misses, it always returns to me.

Water Required: 1 gallon/week
(1/2 if in shade)

Rest Required: Why would I waste time
needlessly lying around. I do not sleep

Weapon Proficiencies:

Chatkcha (throwing wedge)
Gythka (choice weapon)
Long Bow
Kyorkcha
strength,
NPP -3

Psionic Abilities:

Psionic Strength Points-70
Disciplines-Psychometabolic, Clairvoyance
Sciences: Complete Healing, Aura Sight
Devotions: All around vision, know direction, share
strength of the land, combat mind, adrenalin control.
Defenses: Mind Blank, Thought Shield

Non-Weapon Proficiencies

Water Find (14), Survival-Rocky Barrens (14), Hunting (19), Healing (19), Speak Thri-Kreen, common, Tohr-Kreen, Read/Write common (14), Endurance (16), Artistic Ability-Dancing (15), Singing (19). Only thri-kreen truly appreciate my singing.

Magic Items Carried: Psionic Empowered ruby (worth 6 sp, it gives me an additional 40 PSPs, although I must recharge it after use. This takes one hour and 20 PSPs to recharge 10 PSPs. I must concentrate hard, an hour a day is about all I can take.), Jar of Klik's Ointment with 4 uses (same as Keoghtum's ointment), Cherries of Stone Giant Strength (3)

Normal Items Carried: Leather belt, bone skinning knives, water bottle, 2 quart capacity, it's full, black leather harness, backpack, bandages and splints, a pretty rock and 5 shiny bits (15 cp gem, 4 silver & 1 gold), 5 chatkchas, 4 kyorkchas (2 of them are metal; +1 to damage), stone gythka, 3 paintings by my beloved Ka'cha, one of us together.

Modified THAC0s and Damage

Weapon	THAC0		#Att	Damage
kyorkcha	16	1	1d8+2	
gythka (thrown)	14	1	1d6+2	
gythka (melee)	14	1	1d10+1	
chatkcha	16	2	1d6+2	
claw	16	4	1d4	
bite	16	1	1d4+1+paralysis	

Note: A kyorkcha is a special tohr-kreen weapon that K'lik taught me to use. It resembles a spiked boomerang, with one blunt side. It can be thrown to stun opponents. Such a throw is at -1 to hit, and has a 3% chance per point of damage to stun an opponent for 1d10 rounds. If I miss, it returns to me. Klik actually gave me a pair of metal kyorkchas (+1 to damage), it showed how much he cared for me.

PSIONIC NOTES: A psionist may maintain any number of powers at once. Each power must be initiated separately, one per round. She may drop them all at once, or one per round. If Ka'tho is maintaining three or more powers, she may not drop two and maintain the others, it must be one or all. Powers are listed with a cost - in PSPs, a power score - the number or less needed on a D20, Maintenance - PSPs to maintain, P.S. - the result if the exact number needed is rolled, 20 - what happens if a natural 20 is rolled. The two powers with (x2) behind them merely indicate powers that Ka'tho has studied repeatedly, thus earning a 1 point increase in her power score. This has already been added to the listed score.

Total Psionic Points (PSPs) 70 (110 with ruby)

Recovering PSPs: I recover PSPs by resting or not engaging in psionic activity.

Complete Rest: 12 PSP/hr

Walking, light activity: 6 PSP/hr

Combat, strenuous activity, using psionic power: 0

Sciences:

Aura Sight. Power Score: 14 Cost: 9, Maintenance: 4/r

Range: 50 yards Preparation time: 0

This allows the psionist to determine either level or alignment of the being viewed. The psionist must make a successful power check for each reading, to determine both alignment and level requires two successful checks. Up to two checks can be made each round, either at the same person, or two different beings within range. Creatures with more than three hit dice or levels impose a negative modifier to the power score, -1 for each three levels, rounded down. P.S.: Psionist may check four auras in one round.

20: May not use this power again for 24 hours.

Complete Healing. Power Score: 11 Cost 30, Maint: NA

Range: Touch Preparation Time: 24 hrs.

This allows the psionist to heal any and all damage of whatever form. At the end of the 24 hour meditation time, the psionist is completely healthy. If the check is failed, the psionist wakes up after one hour, knowing the healing will not work. Such a failure uses only 5 PSPs.

P.S. Takes only 1 hour to complete all healing

20. Takes 24 hours, user wakes up to find no healing has occurred. Uses 5 PSPs.

Adrenalin Control (x2) Power Score: 14 Cost 8, Maint: 4/R

Preparation Time: 0 Range: personal

This allows me to temporarily increase my Strength, Dexterity, or Constitution by 1d6 points. I prefer to increase my dexterity, it makes me extremely hard to hit. Sometimes I lend too much strength to a clutchmate, then I use it to bring myself back to normal during a fight. If I overtax myself (roll of a natural 1), the power still works, but I lose twice that number of hit points.

P.S. Each of the three attributes increase by 1d6.

20. The psionist must roll a successful system shock roll, or suffer a 50% loss in current hit points and pass out for 1d8 hours.

Strength of the Land (x2). Power Score: 15 Cost: 10, Maintenance 2/R

Range: 10 yards

Preparation Time: 0 Area of Effect: 1 individual.

This allows me to tap into the strength of the local spirit of the land, lending that strength temporarily to one other clutchmate. The clutchmate gets 25 'phantom' hit points (the next 25 points of damage taken come off these rather than its own hit points), a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls, regardless of the weapon used, and a 25% magic resistance.

There is danger in rousing the spirit of the land, if a 1 is rolled, I must explain myself to the spirit. As long as I am not helping someone defile the land (I wouldn't think of it!), I have no trouble. I have never learned to do this to myself, only to others.

P.S. The effects lasts 5 rounds after maintenance is cut off.

20. The land has been recently defiled, and has no strength to lend. Initial cost is still spent.

Know Direction.

Power Score: 14

Cost: 1, Maintenance NA

Range: Touch

Preparation Time: 0

This allows me to sense which direction is north. All I need do is concentrate for a moment, and I know which way we are facing.

P.S. The power is automatically maintained for one day.

20. Disoriented, cannot use this power for 1d6 hours.

Combat Mind

Power Score: 10

Cost: 8 Maintenance 4/R

Range: 0

Preparation Time: 0

This allows me to understand my enemies and their fighting tactics. As a result, my clutch gains a -1 bonus on initiative when I successfully use this power. This is cumulative with any other modifiers that may apply.

P.S. The psionist (but not his companions) gains a +1 AC bonus.

20. The entire party suffers a +1 initiative penalty.

Share Strength

Power Score: 10

Cost: 6, Maintenance 2/r

Range: touch

Preparation Time: 0

By using this power I may share my strength with another pack member. I sacrifice two of my own Strength points (ability, not PSPs), for every single point the recipient gains. This transfer remains until I stop concentrating: then all points return in one round. If the roll is a natural 1, I must pay three Strength points for every one gained.

P.S. The point transfer is 1:1.

20. Lose one Strength point for one day. Save vs. paralysis or loss is permanent.

All Around Vision.

Power Score: 16

Cost: 6, Maint: 4/r

Range: Touch

Preparation Time: 0

This allows me to see in a 360 degree radius around me. It is impossible for me to be surprised while using this power, unless it is blocked by darkness or some other similar effect.

P.S. Psionist gets all around infravision as well.

20. Cannot use all around vision for 24 hours.

Defenses:

Mind Blank

Power Score: 12

Cost: 0, Maint: 0

Range: Touch

Preparation Time: 0

This defense is always on, unless I use another defense, or bring it down voluntarily. I can even recover PSPs while using this defense, although it does detect as psionic activity. It does constitute psionic activity, even though it has no cost. I can be detected by those who can detect psionics. It is off if I choose, or if I use my other defense.

20. Cannot use mind blank for 1d4 hours.

Thought Shield

Power Score: 16

Cost: 1, Maint: NA

Range: 0

Preparation Time: 0

Area of Effect: Personal

This defense clouds the mind, so as to hide first one part and then another. The psionicist can initiate one other psionic power during the same round in which he uses thought shield.

Ka'tho of the Chtik-tek

My name means 'seeker of experience' or 'thrillseeker'

Pack Dominance: Lakta-cho, Hakka, Drasna, myself, Tik-Tik-Tik, Qhari-cho
Of course, when he was alive, Ka'cha was the clutch leader.

Kiltektet (seeker): it is my task to learn what I can of the world beyond my home and to bring this knowledge back to my people. My ka-goal is to wander far, learn from others, and study the mind and its powers wherever I go.

For the Kiltektet kit, I receive a weapon of choice, with which I attack with a warrior's THACO and add +1 to damage. I gain a free weapon proficiency (kyorkcha), and a free nonweapon proficiency (endurance). Material wealth is nothing to me, and I wear no armor.

Home: I am from the Yellow Hills, a region of badlands and scrub about 200 miles west of Urd.

Pack and home-clutch. My pack was fortunate to have been visited by a Mantis Noble, a Tohr-kreen. Klik-chaka'da became a teacher to my pack, and created the Kiltektet sect of people who search for knowledge. A small clutch of us were raised by Klik (as he preferred to be called), and we learned the ways of the Tohr-Kreen as well as the ways of the Thri-Kreen.

This means that I learned more of intellectual pursuits than others of my race. We have no interest in eating elves or other intelligent species. Though we hunt, it is not an obsession with us. From Klik, I developed a fascination with art and well-crafted items. He also taught all the Kiltektet to oppose those known as defilers, and to avoid those known as templars. We also were encouraged to learn different languages, and to learn how to read and write.

Klik tried to explain money to us. Failing, he just told us to ignore it, so we do. Since some members of the Kiltektet clutch are not Thri-Kreen, Klik taught us to use the kyorkcha, a Tohr-Kreen weapon. We are all proficient with it, it is the weapon of the Kiltektet.

THE TRAGEDY: It was awful. We were fighting a huge beast, it had about a hundred legs, and was real long. Tik-Tik-Tik had bashed it good with his club, and Lakta-cho was up on its back, cutting and slicing. Then it grabbed me, I saw my death. Ka'cha, our pack leader and my future mate, clicked his mandibles in that heroic fashion he had, and leaped for the beast's mouth. He drove his spear through its brain and killed the beast, saving my life. He was triumphant, but the beast, in its death throes, lashed out and drove him into a boulder, snapping his neck. Before any of us could move, Ka'cha was dead. It is not right that the dominant member of the pack should have to give his life to save me, but it is very like Ka'cha.

THE MISSION: As we stood by the body of Ka'cha, someone said "It's not right. He shouldn't die like this." We all silently agreed. Lakta-cho, the new pack leader, said "Klik wouldn't have let this happen. He'd know what to do. I'll bet he could even bring Ka'cha back." Everyone agreed, for all of us had seen Klik work great priestly miracles. Then and there, we decided to journey north to see Klik, for he could do something about this tragedy. When we left him to go out on our own, Klik said that if we ever needed him, we should look for Durwadala, a thri-kreen druid who guards the Lost Oasis, far to the north. It may prove to be a difficult journey, for Lakta-cho says that we must get Ka'cha's body to Klik in less than two weeks, or even Klik can't bring him back. The trip is going to be grueling. It's the least we can do for our pack leader, and do it we will. No giant centipede is going to deprive us of the wisdom and leadership of Ka'cha, the best pack leader ever.

ROLE PLAYING NOTES:

Grieving, unable to find pleasure in anything without Ka'cha. Focused on using the powers of the mind, and preserving the balance.

I am Ka'tho, and I am in mourning. My beloved pack leader is dead, Ka'cha, my mate to be. I will try to help save him, but I realize just what a long shot this is. I won't spoil it for my other packmates, they have hope now, there is time enough for despair later. But despair is all I have room for in my heart. If Ka'cha can be saved, I'll be the happiest bug in Athas, but time is so short. Until I see him alive and well, I'll grieve, for even if we can find Klik, he may not be able to bring back my beloved Ka'cha. Athas is a cruel world, but until now, I always felt happy with it, for Ka'cha was at my side. The thought of raising a new clutch, raised in the Kiltectet way, had been a joy to us both. Now it seems but a hollow dream.

As I look at him laying there, heroic even in death, I feel an unaccustomed sadness. How will I bear up under the pain of this incomprehensible loss? All I can do is see to it that we find Klik in time, for even if it is an impossible hope, it is the only one I have. Though it is against everything I have learned, if Ka'cha does not live, then I have no interest in living.

I am normally a very focused and balanced being, and I do recognize that sometimes a life must be sacrificed that others might live. But not Ka'cha's life, for it is like the life of the entire pack is gone. He was our focus, our leader, and our inspiration. It was his teaching that allowed me to learn the trials and rewards of the Way, he was my tutor in all powers of mind after we left Klik. I have gotten to be competent, but I'll never be as good as Ka'cha. Our pack is diminished without him, but somehow we must survive. Ka'cha would have wanted it that way.

Klik told us that these bits that we carry are useful for getting rid of templars. Evidentially templars eat these things, and if you give them one they run right off to feed. Strange beings! He also said they are good for trading, but he forgot to explain exactly what trading is.

My other packmates:

Lakta-cho. Our new pack leader, Lakta-cho is a fine figure of an insect, but she is no Ka'cha, of course. She is as comfortable in the wilderness as I am with the powers of the mind. She was almost Ka'cha's equal in combat, but does not possess the fine sharp mind that Ka'cha did. I'll have to help her lead the pack, with advice only, she is the dominant pack member now.

Tik-Tik-Tik. This fine clutchmate is not a thri-kreen, but for a half-giant she comes as close as anyone I've ever seen. She is a bit clumsy, but she can leap for decent distances, and she is always trying to be like Klik. A fine example for her to follow. She was a special friend of Ka'cha, I can see that her eyes were leaking also. Perhaps if despair gets too bad, we can share our grief.

Drasna. Drasna was adopted by the tribe years and years ago, she has been around so long that she is one of the tribe. Her name means 'she who dies each night', and this could slow down our trip. We won't slow down, even if I have to carry her. Ka'cha told me once that she is the best fighter in the pack, and I admit that she is awesome when she gets worked up. If we abandoned her, we might be able to make it to Klik faster, but Ka'cha would never forgive us. Drasna was his friend, and I have the feeling that if it were not for her unfortunate birth (she's a human), Ka'cha might have even taken her to mate.

Hakka. Hakka is the druid of the North Salt Flats, and very in tune with nature and the balance. He alone is not enthusiastic about bringing Ka'cha back. He did not oppose it, saying that what will be will be. His spell-casting abilities are important to the pack, she is a better healer than even Lakta-cho. But no shirking will be tolerated. He will follow our new pack leader, so he should be alright, but I will watch him closely. Recovering Ka'cha is a faint enough hope, we need no one to further inhibit this almost hopeless quest.

Qhari-cho. This strange bug is colored wrong, but Klik taught us that all beings are equal in the eyes of the balance, and all have a place. Qhari has a place in our pack, even if it is at the bottom of the dominance order. He is a fierce fighter, but not as civilized as the rest of us. I'm still not sure he wouldn't eat an elf, if given the chance.

[Qh is pronounced by humans as a click of the tongue off the roof of the mouth.]

Hakka 7th level male Thri-Kreen druid

Str 16 +1 damage, Open Doors 9, BS/LG 10%
Dex 11
Con 16 +2 hp/die, System shock 92%, Resurrection 95%
Int 9 2 Additional languages
Wis 21 +4 magical attack adjustment, bonus spells 2 2 1 2
Chr 15 +3 reaction adjustment

Age: 17 (old) AC 3
Height: 7' 0" (11' 0" long) AC(rear) 3
Weight: 502 lbs. Move 36
Exoskeleton/Eyes: dark tan/yellow #Att 5 or 1
THAC0 16(unmodified)
Alignment: Neutral Hit Points: 54

Appearance: I am a big bug, the largest in my clutch. I don't worry about my appearance much, I am too concerned about my guarded lands. Besides, an ash-covered chitin fits for a druid who guards the great Salt Flats, at least the northern portion of them. I have a rather worn leather harness, with my backpack and weapons on it.

Saving Throws(unmodified)

Poison/Paralyze 10
Rod/Staff/Wand 12
Polymorph/Petrify 11
Breath 12
Spell 13
+4 wisdom adjustment

Water Required: 1 gallon/week
(1/2 if in shade)
Rest Required: Why would I waste time needlessly lying around. I do not sleep.

Weapon Proficiencies:

Chatkcha(throwing wedge)
Gythka (choice weapon)
Kyorkcha

Non-Weapon Proficiencies

Water Find(9)
Survival-Rocky Barrens, Salt Flats(9)
Hunting(19)
Weaponmaker (kyorkcha only) (9)
Healing (19) (Thri-kreen only)
Endurance (16)
Speak Thri-Kreen, Tohr-Kreen, common
Read/Write Common (9)
Artistic Ability-Sculpture (19)

Thri-Kreen Abilities:

Claw 4 times/round for 1d4, and bite for 1d4+1.
Bite causes Paralysis, save to avoid.
Paralysis lasts 2d10 rounds for small, 2d8 for man-sized, 1d8 for large, and 1 round for huge.
Dodge missiles on 9/20 chance.
Leap 20' straight up or 50' forward.
Use Chatkcha, range 90', if it misses, it always returns to me.

Druid Abilities:

I have guarded lands, the northern wastes of the Great Salt Flats. I can survive without food or water in my guarded lands, and cannot be seen unless I want to be.
I am able to speak with animals in my guarded lands.

WILD PSIONIC TALENT: Animate Shadows

Psionic Strength Points: 43
Power Score: 18, Cost 7, Maint 3/r
With this I can animate the shadow cast by anyone or anything and make it seem to have a life of its own.
It must remain along flat along a surface, it can never be more than two dimensional. It cannot attack, nor can it disrupt a mage's concentration
It can serve as a diversion by drawing

Magical Items Carried: a guard's attention. If I roll an 18,
 Leather Armband of Protection+2 the range increases to 100 yards. If a
 Cherries of Poison Resistance (2) roll a 20, the shadow disappears
 (+2 to saves vs. poison) completely for a round.

Grapes of Healing (3)

Normal Items Carried: Leather belt, backpack, some shiny bits and some not so shiny bits (5 silver and 5 ceramic pieces), 5 chatkchas, 4 kyorkchas, belt pouch, gythka, spell components (enough for 3 of each spell I can cast), 1 quart clay water bottle (full), obsidian chisel and sculpting supplies, old book about early Athas-a gift from Klik (It's really old, and has a picture of so much water it ran on the ground, the book calls it a reiver.)

Modified THAC0s and Damage

Weapon	THAC0		#Att	Damage
gythka (thrown)	10	1	1d8+2	
gythka (melee)	13	1	1d10+2	
chatkcha	10	2	1d6+2	
kyorkcha	10	1	1d8+2	
claw	14	4	1d4	
bite	14	1	1d4+1+paralysis	

Note: A kyorkcha is a special tohr-kreen weapon that K'lik taught me to use. It resembles a spiked boomerang, with one blunt side. It can be thrown to stun opponents. Such a throw is at -1 to hit, and has a 3% chance per point of damage to stun an opponent for 1d10 rounds. If I miss, it returns to me.

Spell List

7th Level druid of the North Salt Flats

As a druid of the North Salt Flats, I have major access to the sphere of the Cosmos, and the Sphere of Earth. I have minor access to the sphere of Fire.

1ST LEVEL

Memorize 6
 Animal Friendship
 Bless
 Combine
 Command
 Cure Light Wounds
 Detect Evil
 Detect Magic
 Detect Poison
 Detect Snares & Pits
 Entangle
 Invisibility to Animals
 Invisibility to Undead
 Light
 Locate Animals/Plants
 Magical Stone
 Merciful Shadows
 Pass without Trace
 Remove Fear
 Sanctuary
 Shillelagh

2ND LEVEL

Memorize 6
 Aid
 Augury
 Barkskin
 Chant
 Charm Person/Mammal
 Detect Charm
 Enthrall
 Find Traps
 Flame Blade
 Hold Person
 Know Alignment
 Messenger
 Obscurement
 Produce Flame
 Silence 15'Radius
 Slow Poison
 Snake Charm
 Spiritual Hammer
 Trip
 Warp Wood
 Withdraw
 Wyvern Watch

3RD LEVEL

Memorize 4
 Animate Dead
 Continual Light
 Cure Blindness/Deafness
 Cure Disease
 Dispel Magic
 Feign Death
 Flame Walk
 Glyph of Warding
 Hold Animal
 Locate Object
 Magical Vestment
 Meld into Stone
 Negative Plane Protection
 Plant Growth
 Prayer
 Protection/Fire
 Pyrotechnics
 Remove Curse
 Remove Paralysis
 Snare
 Speak with Dead
 Spike Growth
 Stone Shape
 Summon Insects
 Tree

4TH LEVEL

Memorize 4
 Abjure

Animal Summoning I

Call Woodland Beings

Cloak of Bravery	Cure Serious Wounds	Detect Lie
Divination	Free Action	Giant Insect
Hallucinatory Forest	Hold Plant	Imbue with Spell Ability
Neutralize Poison	Plant Door	Protection/Evil, 10' Rad
Repel Insects	Speak with Plants	Spell Immunity
Sticks to Snakes	Tongues	
Merciful Shadows		
Sphere: Cosmos	Range: Touch	
Components: V,S,M	Duration: 1 day/5 levels	
Casting Time: 1 round	Area of Effect: Person Touched	
Saving Throw: Negates		

This spell creates a magical shade to protect a person from the scorching sun. Once cast, the individual gains the benefits of being in the shade (half water consumption), even while fighting or travelling in the full sun. The individual so protected appears normal, except that he doesn't sweat as much as expected, and his coloration is a bit more gray.

The reverse of the spell, blistering rays, intensifies the light and heat of the sun on the victim. The individual must have twice the water per day for the duration of the spell. This spell has no effect on a person who is in the shade. The material components are a piece of a palm leaf (or a piece of black fabric for the reverse).

Role Playing Notes:

Hakka of the Chtik-tek. My name means 'seeker of the lost' or 'wanderer'

Pack Dominance: Lakta-cho, myself, Drasna, Ka'tho, Tik-Tik-Tik, Qhari-cho

Kiltektet(seeker): it is my task to learn what I can of the world beyond my home and to bring this knowledge back to my people. My ka-goal is to wander far, learn from others, and study the mind and its powers wherever I go. For the Kiltektet kit, I receive a weapon of choice, with which I attack with a warrior's THAC0 and add +1 to damage. I gain a free weapon proficiency (kyorkcha), and a free nonweapon proficiency (endurance). Material wealth is nothing to me, and I wear no armor.

Home: I am from the Yellow Hills, a region of badlands and scrub about 200 miles west of Urd.

Pack and home-clutch. My pack was fortunate to have been visited by a Mantis Noble, a Tohr-kreen. Klik-chaka'da became a teacher to my pack, and created the Kiltektet sect of people who search for knowledge. A small clutch of us were raised by Klik (as he preferred to be called), and we learned the ways of the Tohr-Kreen as well as the ways of the Thri-Kreen.

This means that I learned more of intellectual pursuits than others of my race. We have no interest in eating elves or other intelligent species. Though we hunt, it is not an obsession with us. From Klik, I developed a fascination with art and well-crafted items. He also taught all the Kiltektet to oppose those known as defilers, and to avoid those known as templars. We also were encouraged to learn different languages, and to learn how to read and write.

Klik tried to explain money to us. Failing, he just told us to ignore it, so we do. Since some members of the Kiltektet clutch are not Thri-Kreen, Klik taught us to use the kyorkcha, a Tohr-Kreen weapon. We are all proficient with it, it is the weapon of the Kiltektet.

THE TRAGEDY: It was awful. We were fighting a huge beast, it had about a hundred legs, and was real long. Tik-Tik-Tik had bashed it good with his club, and Lakta-cho was up on its back, cutting and slicing. Then it grabbed Ka'tho, her life was about to end. Then Ka'cha, our pack leader, clicked his mandibles in that heroic fashion he had, and leaped for the beast's mouth. He drove his spear through its brain and killed the beast, saving Ka'tho. He was triumphant, but the beast, in its death throes, lashed out and drove him into a boulder, snapping his neck. Before any of us could move, Ka'cha was dead. It is not right that the dominant member of the pack should have to give his life to save us, but it is very like Ka'cha.

THE MISSION: As we stood by the body of Ka'cha, someone said "It's not right. He shouldn't die like this." We all silently agreed. Lakta-cho, the new pack leader, said "Klik wouldn't have let this happen. He'd know what to do. I'll bet he could even bring Ka'cha back." Everyone agreed, for all

of us had seen Klik work priestly miracles, yes, even bringing someone back to life. Then and there, we decided to journey north to see Klik, for he could do something about this tragedy. When we left him to go out on our own, Klik said that if we ever needed him, we should look for Durwadala, a thri-kreen druid, who guards the Lost Oasis, far to the north. It may prove to be a difficult journey, for Lakta-cho says that we must get Ka'cha's body to Klik in less than two weeks, or even Klik can't bring him back. The trip is going to be grueling. It's the least we could do for our pack leader, and do it we will. No giant centipede is going to deprive us of the wisdom and leadership of Ka'cha, the best pack leader ever.

ROLE PLAYING

Skeptical of this whole mission. Not against the spirit of it, Hakka just doesn't think it's going to work. Quick to find fault with everything, always looks at both sides of an issue. Loves the sand and the sun, heat has the same effect on him as everyone else, but he still loves the feel of it. Gets cold at night, and absolutely doesn't like cold.

My leader is dead, long live the new leader. So the cycle turns. One may not like what happens, but nature is unchangeable. Things live, then they die. We should not be messing with Ka'cha, he is dead, it is sad, but we must go on.

The rest of the clutch is bound and determined to find Klik, and get him to resurrect Ka'cha. It just doesn't seem right. Your current dominant member, Lakta-cho, has decreed that this is your mission, so you'll carry it out to the fullest, but you'll worry about it the entire time. You're not afraid to tell the others so, either.

A being must look at every side of an issue, and while it seems that the death of your revered pack leader has no purpose, there certainly is one. His death was not heroic, but death often is not. A balance must be maintained. You have not spoken of your greatest fear, that if a life is brought back, one may be taken in its place. If it comes to that, you'll sacrifice yourself. It would be best, rather than unbalance the natural order of things. The only decision you completely agree with is the one to let Klik decide what to do. You respect Klik's wisdom more than anyone you know, although Ka'cha was a close second.

As a druid of the North Salt Flats, you are in your years of wandering. You joined a clutch, the Kilektet, a fine group of beings. They are the family you never had, and you would cheerfully sacrifice yourself for any of them. The needs of the clutch outweigh the needs of the one.

Even though I have no use for it, I still carry some of those bits that others call money. Klik said it was useful for making templars go away. Apparently it must be poisonous to them. It's nice to know that such evil beings have such a silly weakness, it makes them seem so harmless. If any of them bother you on this mission, you'll touch one with a shiny bit, even if it kills him.

Your clutch:

Lakta-cho: The dominant member of the pack, Lakta-cho seems overwhelmed by the death of Ka'cha. She was an insightful bug, able to deal with outsiders almost as well as Ka'cha. Now she seems to have trouble making decisions. You must offer your advice, she must consider both sides of every issue.

Drasna: Your human friend. She is a fine member of the clutch, and a fierce fighter. She can run like no human you've ever seen, and is as loyal as any Thri-kreen.

Ka'tho: Ka'cha's future mate. Well, she was. She is grieving for Ka'cha, and this is a good thing. She needs to let her grief out, only that way can she be healed inside. You'll point out that Ka'cha would have wanted her to go on, she'll listen to you right now.

Tik-Tik-Tik: Tik is a half-giant who thinks she's a thri-kreen. Better to just be a half-giant, her strength and wit are useful additions to the clutch. She is always friendly and outgoing, and a thorough delight in the wilds. If she didn't guzzle the water constantly, she'd be a perfect companion.

Qhari-cho. A thri-kreen from another pack, who lost them to defilers. Now there's a shocking loss. He has brought new wisdom to the pack, even you have learned a few things from him. He hates defilers with a passion, another reason he's a good clutchmate.
[Qh is pronounced by humans as a click of the tongue off the roof of the mouth.]

Qhari-cho 7th level male Thri-kreen wilderness warrior
[Qh is pronounced by humans as a click of the tongue off the roof of the mouth.]

Str	18 (13%)	+1 to hit, +3 damage, OD 14(7) BS/LG 20%
Dex	18	+2 reaction/missile adj, -4 AC adj
Con	18	+4 hp/die, System shock 85%, Resurrection 90%
Int	11	2 Additional languages
Wis	14	
Chr	15	+3 reaction adjustment

Age: 10 (middle-aged)	AC -1
Height: 6' 5" (9' 1" long)	AC(rear) 3
Weight: 452 lbs.	Move 36
Exoskeleton/Eyes: dark tan/dark blue	#Att 5 or 4 or 3/2
	THAC0 14(unmodified)
Alignment: Neutral Good	Hit Points: 80

Appearance: I am a dark tan in color, quite different from most other tribes of thri-kreen. I never worry about my appearance, appearance has nothing to do with fighting skills. My dark blue eyes can glare very effectively, and I use that glare whenever I can.

Saving Throws(unmodified)

Poison/Paralyze	10
Rod/Staff/Wand	12
Polymorph/Petrify	11
Breath	12
Spell	13

Water Required: 1 gallon/week
(1/2 if in shade)
Rest Required: Why would I waste time lying around needlessly. I do not sleep, ever.

Weapon Proficiencies:
Chatkcha (throwing wedge)
Stiletto (choice weapon)
Gythka (specialized)
Kyorkcha
Stiletto

Non-Weapon Proficiencies
Water Find(11)

Thri-Kreen Abilities:

Claw 4 times/round for 1d4, and bite for 1d4+1.
Bite causes Paralysis, save to avoid, Paralysis lasts 2d10 rounds for small, 2d8 for man-sized, 1d8 for large, and 1 round for huge.
Leap 20' straight up or 50' forward.
Dodge missiles on 9/20 chance.
Use Chatkcha, range 90', if it misses, it always returns to me.

Wilderness Warrior Abilities

+5 adjustment to survival skill in Salt Flats.

Wild Psionic Talent

Psionic Strength Points: 29

Poison Sense Cost 5, Maint NA

Power Score: 15 Range 1 yard

This power allows me to detect poison

Survival-Rocky Barrens (11)
 Endurance (17)
 Hunting(14)
 Speak Thri-kreen, common, halfling
 Survival-Salt Flats (16)
 Artistic Ability-Woodcarving (14)

if it is within one yard of me. It

doesn't detect thri-kreen saliva as
 poisonous, since that doesn't affect
 me. If a 15 is rolled, the exact type
 of poison is determined. If a 20 is
 rolled, I suffer the effects of the
 poison without imbibing it. (Saving
 throw is still allowed).

Magic Items Carried:
 +2 wooden ring of protection
 Grapes of Aging (5)
 (make me a whole YEAR older. They
 do let me act twice as fast as
 normal for 20 rounds, but that's
 hardly worth it.)

Normal Items Carried: Fancy leather harness, dyed blue, water bottle, 2 quart capacity, it's full, 4
 bone stilettos, 8 kyorkchas, 2 days rations-dried mekillot, bag of salt (1 oz.), 4 chatkchas, 3 shiny
 bits (silver pieces), 12 not-so-shiny bits (ceramic pieces), two bone woodcarving knives, small
 piece of teak you intend to carve into a representation of Ka'cha.

Modified THAC0s and Damage

Weapon	THAC0	#Att	Damage
kyorkcha	11	2	1d8+2
chatkcha	11	2	1d6+2
claw	14	4	1d4
bite	14	1	1d4+1+paralysis
bone stiletto	14	4	1d3/1d2 +2
gythka (melee)	13	2	1d6 +7

Note: A kyorkcha is a special tohr-kreen weapon that K'lik taught me to use. It resembles a spiked
 boomerang, with one blunt side. It can be thrown to stun opponents. Such a throw is at -1 to hit,
 and has a 3% chance per point of damage to stun an opponent for 1d10 rounds. If I miss, it
 returns to me.

Pack Dominance: Lakta-cho, Hakka, Drasna, Ka'tho, Tik-Tik-Tik, myself
 Of course, when he was alive, Ka'cha was the pack leader.

Qhari-cho of the Clahk-tet. My name means 'Bringer of other knowledge'

Kiltektet (seeker): it is my task to learn what I can of the world beyond my home and to bring this
 knowledge back to my people. My ka-goal is to wander far, learn from others, and study the ways
 of outsiders. Along the way, I hope to defeat many evil monsters, especially defilers.

For the Kiltektet kit, I receive a weapon of choice, with which I attack with a +1 to hit and a +2
 to damage. I gain a free weapon proficiency (kyorkcha), and a free nonweapon proficiency
 (endurance). Material wealth is nothing to me, and I wear no armor.

Home: I am from the Great Salt Flats, a region of badlands about 100 miles east of Urik.

Pack and home-clutch. My adopted pack was fortunate to have been visited by a Mantis Noble, a
 Tohr-kreen. Klik-chaka'da became a teacher to my pack, and created the Kiltektet sect of people
 who search for knowledge. A small clutch of us were raised by Klik (as he preferred to be called),
 and we learned the ways of the Tohr-Kreen as well as the ways of the Thri-Kreen.

This means that I learned more of intellectual pursuits than I should have. We have no interest
 in eating elves or other intelligent species. Though we hunt, it is not an obsession with us. From
 Klik, I developed a fascination with art and well-crafted items. Even though he said I shouldn't, I
 also have an intense fascination with well-crafted weapons. He also taught all the Kiltektet to
 oppose those known as defilers, and to avoid those known as templars. We also were encouraged
 to learn different languages, and to learn how to read and write. I had to draw the line
 somewhere, so I absolutely refused to learn to read and write. That's no warrior skill!

Klik tried to explain money to us. Failing, he just told us to ignore it, so we do. Since some members of the Kilektet clutch are not Thri-Kreen, Klik taught us to use the kyorkcha, a Tohr-Kreen weapon. We are all proficient with it, it is the weapon of the Kilektet.

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Role Playing Notes:

A warrior, attempting to become a scholar. First urge is always to attack, but working hard to control the urge to attack, and fan the flames of knowledge. Lakta-cho is the current pack leader, whatever she says is law, and there will be no arguments about it.

I am a warrior. I am lowest in the dominance order of our pack, but in battle I am first, or maybe second. Our pack is a fine one, before I joined, I never knew the joy of belonging to a true pack. My by are my friends, my family, and my reason for existence. When I die it should be like Ka'cha did, defending my pack. No other end would be fitting for a warrior of my caliber. Ka'cha was more than a warrior, it is not fitting that he should die this way. He taught me much, after we left Klik.

His wisdom showed me that one can talk to enemies, instead of immediately attacking. I tried to argue with him, but he proved to me that if talking doesn't work, attacking is still an option. The reverse is not true.

I am sad because of the death of Ka'cha, and this quest to bring him back to life sounds like a perfect noble warrior's quest. Imagine, returning a dead clutchmate to life! What a ballad will be written about the Kilektet clutch. Ka'cha was our pack leader, and he will be again. I will not stand for failure, even if I die on the mission. It would be a small trade, my life for Ka'cha's, and one I would make in a heartbeat.

One custom of my pack that the other's did not share was that of the warrior's challenge. If we are confronted with a hostile group of thri-kreen, one of us (me), may challenge their champion to single combat, the outcome of the contest determines the issue. Usually the losers are forced to leave the area forever. No thri-kreen of sense ignores a warrior's challenge. I have fought three such challenges before joining the clutch, and I fervently hope I may get to defend the pack with such a challenge. I have studied, as Klik suggested, and found that even other uncivilized races like humans and dwarves follow the law of the challenge.

I still carry some of that stuff that humans call bits, or maney, or casch, something like that. It's supposed to be useful for making templars go away. I'm not sure exactly how, maybe it can be thrown like a chatkcha, although it doesn't seem like it would do much damage. Maybe templars are all weak little cowards, from what Klik said that must be it.

Other Pack Members:

Lakta-cho: The current clutch leader. No more need be said. It is not possible for her to make a mistake, I will stand for no one even suggesting so.

Drasna: A human. When I first joined the clutch I thought that no human could be as good as a thri-kreen, she showed me the truth. A fighter even I respect, she is more than a match for many monsters. She was possibly even Ka'cha's equal in combat, although not in the powers of the mind.

Hakka: The druid of the north salt flats. Most druids are very mysterious, but Hakka is just a big friendly bug. She is skeptical about this mission, but she'll aid in it. After all, she is one of your clutchmates.

Ka'tho: Ka'cha's future mate, Ka'tho is devastated by his death. Even the prospect of getting him back hasn't cut her grief. If that's what students of the Way become, you're glad you don't have a lot of talent. Action, revenge, success, these are all better than grief.

Tik-Tik-Tik: Tik is a huge half-giant who thinks she's a thri-kreen. It would be pitiful, if it wasn't for the fact that she makes a better than average thri-kreen. She still gulps gallons of water, but other than that, she's a perfect clutchmate. You really love what that club does to the monsters you meet.